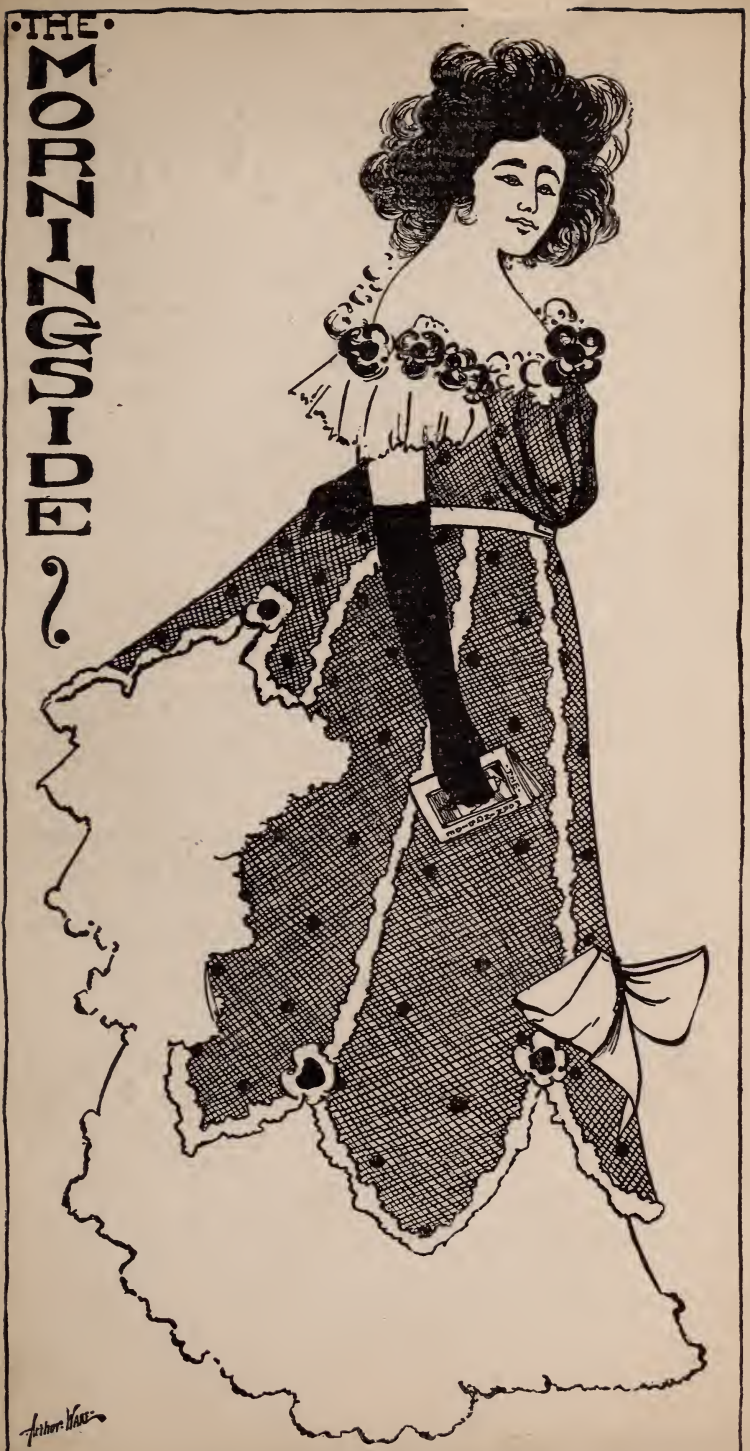

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Vol. III | MARCH 29, 1898 | No. III

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Published at Columbia University, New York City, every third Tuesday during the College Year, twelve numbers in all. Subscription Price, One Dollar. Single Copies, Ten Cents.
Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class mail matter.

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The Sunbeam

A sunbeam danced in the morning light
  Like an elfin child at play;
And he saw a little daisy near,
Her bright eyes wet with a dewy tear,
  And he kissed the tear away.
He kissed her twice, the daring wight!
Dancing between like an elfin child;
  And the daisy smiled.

The sunbeam danced in the noonday glare
  Till the daisy laughed again;
Then the rascal kissed her lips anew,
And on the lawn her portrait drew
  With a shadow for a pen.
And just because he hoped she'd care,
Behind a passing cloud he crept;
  And the daisy wept.

The sunbeam danced till the twilight hour
  Cast abroad its magic spell;
And then he left his daisy love
To the care of the dreaming stars above,
  Lightly kissing her farewell.
And he danced for many another flower,
And often again for fun did hide;
  But the daisy died.

John Erskine

War

I SAW their long, grey line move forward. I heard the bugle sound. The lieutenant shouted a command. My horse reared and I could not understand him. I heard the clank of the sabres as they left their scabbards and, gleaming and naked, mine was in my hand; I knew not how it got there. In the dim twilight the moving, grey streak before us seemed like a vision of my excited phantasy. Was this reality? Was this actually —— "Charge!"—I understood that. My hand shot forward, my heels sank into the poor little mare's flanks and away we went. Over the rocks and shrubs, leaning eagerly forward in our saddles, with sabres held high, we galloped onward. The grey line in front became lower. They had dropped upon their knees. Quicker now before they fire! "Hurrah!" The cry but half finished was drowned by a louder noise. A line of lightning flashed through the dusk, a deafening roar, shouts, curses, cries of agony, shrieking of horses, the sharp cracks of rifle shots and the hoof-beats on the gravel soil all mingled in horrible concert. We were upon them. A bayonet sank into the breast of my neighbor's horse—a gun was levelled at the rider's head; my sabre sank deep into the soldier's skull and a thick liquid of brain and blood spurted over me. I felt faint; for a moment I wanted to throw away my sabre and fly; a hand grasped my bridle and instinctively I spurred. The little mare's forefeet struck the rebel's chest. He fell. Over him, over a rolling horse into a tangled heap of rearing horses and struggling men. My sword flew up and down; the revolver, held between the disengaged fingers of my left hand was smoking. I had emptied it. At what? With what success? The mothers and wives will know—I don't. Forward! A comrade uttered a cry and fell against my leg. I saw that he was dead or near it by the

glazing of his eyes, and pushed him down under the horses. My mare kicked and plunged. A crunching as of bone on the ground and forward she flew. The handful of infantry before us were fleeing and the bugle sounded for re-formation of ranks. I turned my horse's head and looked about me dazed and confused. Just then, from a group of fugitives a rifle sounded. I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder; the waving, yellow cornfield before my eyes became a heaving sea of blood, and my horse's ears grew to a monstrous size. I was slipping; my horse leaped to the side—my head struck the ground and black night seemed to envelop me.

* * * *

I awoke with a torturing thirst. The scenes of the skirmish flashed through my mind like recollections of a horrible, feverish dream, and instantly I knew where I was. With much effort and considerable pain I arose and looked about me. All around, amid the tufts of shrubbery that sprang from the stony soil, lay the bodies of men. Otherwise the scene was beautiful. The sun had settled deeply in the west and the sky was just beginning to blush. To my right the yellow field of dwarfed corn was waving and murmuring in the evening wind and, to my left, fringing the scene of battle, a fresh, green beach-forest began. As I looked on all these things, the clear sky with its few white threads of clouds and the smiling landscape beneath it, a feeling almost of peace overcame me. My eyes sank lower; I saw the corpses and the blood-spotted rocks, and horror filled my breast. The necessity of action dawned upon me. My comrades had evidently left me in a great hurry, thinking me dead. I was alone in the enemy's country and had no knowledge of the whereabouts of my friends. The main army was miles away. Besides, my shoulder, though it seemed but a flesh-wound, was growing more and more painful.

With unwilling hands I stripped a confederate corpse and exchanged the dark blue for the dirty grey. Then I made for the beach-wood. Plan I had not; I was still too confused to think far ahead and my only thoughts were for temporary safety, my only hope that of finding a spring to quench my thirst. Wearily I picked my way through the trees, treading fearfully, and constantly keeping the open ground in sight lest I should lose my way in the woods. The sun was now quickly sinking; dusk set in and I had found no spring. I had already despaired of relief for that night when, suddenly, not two hundred yards ahead of me, a light glimmered through the trees. It had evidently just been lighted, for otherwise I should have noticed it long before. Quickly, yet cautiously, I neared it and soon, from the edge of a clearing, I was looking at a pretty cottage. It was built in the very Southern style—a style not often seen in this northern part of West Virginia. It had one of those broad, comfortable verandas, so characteristic of the Southern country house. A thick growth of creepers covered all the supporting posts and a great part of the walls. A well-kept gravel walk led from the stoop to a road which, I saw, led into the fields beyond. Across the road stood a small, shed-like barn in which I could hear some one moving about. In the house itself the light was the only sign of life. As I was gazing, a slovenly boy of about sixteen stepped out of the barn, slammed the door and, whistling, walked away along the road. Seeing safety in that quarter, I now carefully advanced to the lighted window and peered in.

At the table, in the centre of the room, sat an old woman, knitting. Near her, arranging a few cups and plates for the evening meal, moved a girl. She was very pretty. Her arms and neck were bare and her skin was of a healthy brown. Around her thick black braids a red ribbon was carelessly

bound. Her thin white dress brought out, by contrast, the darkness of her skin and hair and gave her the appearance of the typical Southern beauty that I had heard of so often. I watched the two for some time undecided whether to examine the premises first or to go in immediately; finally my thirst and the pain in my shoulder overcame my caution and, turning the corner of the house, I walked up the stoop and knocked at the door.

The young girl opened for me. Seeing me she uttered a little shriek as she shrank back into the room and I followed her, hardly realizing what a fear-inspiring sight I must be to two solitary ladies.

"Do not be alarmed," I said. "I have messages for Colonel Briggs and have been shot at by the Yankees."

The old lady, who had arisen, and the girl exchanged frightened glances.

"My position is a very dangerous one, otherwise I should not have intruded," I went on.

The old woman was still trembling. However, the girl had recovered from her momentary fright and asked me to be seated, saying that she would immediately get something ready for me. Supper, she said, was almost ready any way. Then she left the room. The old woman followed her. With a sigh of relief I dropped into a large, comfortable-looking chair, and for some time had no other sensation than that of absolute satisfaction. I gazed about the room, at the chromos on the wall, the rusty gun over the fire-place, the dried corn-stalks over the door, tied together with colored ribbons. Suddenly it occurred to me that the girl had been gone a very long time. Had she suspected me? Was she betraying me? I was just about to arise when she entered with a tray in her arms. She spread out before me what seemed to my hungry eyes the wealth of a Croesus: a large pitcher of ale

and a platter of cold meat. She seated herself opposite me saying that "mother begged to be excused since she was too much frightened to come down."

As we ate, by questioning and carefully suggesting, I gathered much valuable knowledge from her as to the position of the Confederate outposts, and though I pretended to be sorry when she said they were now within two miles, I very nafurally rejoiced at my temporary safety.

Every now and then I looked over at her. At first her dark eyes wore an expression of fear. As the meal advanced, however, I frequently caught an amused expression playing about her lips whenever I sank my face deeply into my mug of ale, or ravenously devoured a slice of ham. Suddenly she uttered a little cry.

"You are bleeding," she said. Quicker than a wink she had disappeared and equally quickly she had returned with a bandage and a basin of water. She persuaded me to take off my coat and bare my right shoulder, and, with nimble and skilled fingers, cleaned and bandaged my wound. As she leaned over me, a picture of beauty, health and goodness, my blood coursed more quickly through my veins. I forgot my pain and my weariness and gazed at her oblivious of all but the color of her eyes.

My short dream had ended. She was again sitting opposite me and, very prosaically but more appropriately to my position, I was again eating.

We spoke of war as we ate. What else was there to speak about in those times and those surroundings? We discussed the chances of both sides and the outcomes of the latest fights, I always hoping that "we should finally lick the Yankees," she always agreeing heartily. I was very much excited. The peculiarly romantic position I was in, added to a little fever from my wound, caused me to become more and

more nervous. The horrible scenes of the morning's fight passed before my mind, and then I looked at the beautiful, anxious face opposite me. The contrast was too much for me and passionately I burst forth:

"Would that this accursed war could end and none ever be fought again! Ah, when you have seen the bloodstained fields strewn with corpses, the mangled, writhing forms, when you have heard the shrieks of agony of the wounded and the last despairing wails of the dying, when you have seen, through the clearing smoke of your carbine, the destruction you have wrought, and when your conscience has traced that bullet on into the breast of some distant mother or wife, when you have forced your cold blade into the breast of one who has never done you harm—then, my dear girl, war loses its romantic charm. The gaudy plumes and colors disappear, the bugle sounds like a shriek, the hurrahs, like the croaking of an owl and disgust seizes you."

She had been listening with growing emotion. Tears now stood in her eyes as she leaped to her feet. "Fly!" she cried, interrupting my passionate words, "fly! I have betrayed you! Go before it is too late."

I came to my senses and rushed to the door. It *was* too late. The door opened in my face and in burst an officer followed by a group of troopers. I had drawn my revolver and retreated to the other door. The lamplight flashed on the officer's face and I stood stupefied. It was my own captain. I had undervalued my disguise and mistaken the sympathies of my hostess. I was free. I looked at the face of the girl, now so anxious for my safety, and I contradicted myself. "No—captive," I murmured.

H. W. Z.

Rondeau

Into my heart I peered to-day,
I peered as any maiden may,
And sure it was a gladsome sight,
No gaps to stop, no wounds to stay.

For though full many a gallant gay
Has armed himself for cupid's fray,
Yet none the road has seen aright
Into my heart.

The maid is heartless, these may say,
But none can be more wrong than they;
For I can see a chamber bright
Where free from care and all affright
Safe may he rest who'll win his way
Into my heart.

K.

"A Beauty of St. Giles'"

So fair and yet so wild of face,
So full of fresh tempestuous grace,
Small wonder that the artist sought
To catch thy beauty rare, and thought
Thee quite as worthy of his art
As belles who played a prouder part.
I'd stake thy charms against the dames
Who ran to Drury and St. James'.
Thine unspoiled look of eagerness,
Thy parted lips, thy quaint head-dress
Are worth a thousand haughty smiles,
Thou lowly beauty of St. Giles'.
Full happy in thy choice, methinks,
Wert thou, O *J. H. Benwell, pinx.*

W. A. B.

Comments

WE wish to thank the Trinity Tablet on behalf of the College for its kind interest in our affairs. Two and a half pages of editorial space in the Tablet almost compensate for the silence in which the Voice, in its career of reform, has passed over Columbia. The editorial is very interesting in the naïve and delicious fresh-water conception there set forth of Columbia life, dress, aspirations, pastimes and state of mind. If this conception is hardly accurate, if occupations are attributed to us which we have never pursued and discontent which we never felt, we must remember the disadvantages under which our Trinity friends suffer. In the first place, you know, they are so far from New York; and then, too, they have fallen into the sad error of accepting the New York Sun as an authority on Columbia affairs. How was the editor of the Tablet to know that this exemplary journal, which has always been so great a favorite in provincial regions, had long ago abandoned cumbersome and hampering truth and honesty, in its vain though ardent zeal to injure President Low, Columbia and "Dr. Low's students"? Taking into consideration these disadvantages, we think the Tablet is to be congratulated upon its editorial, and, excepting for the questionable taste of some of its remarks and fancied gibes, and occasional slight lapses from that gentlemanly tone that one expects and usually finds in college journalism, the editorial is very nicely written. It probably is very effective—in Trinity.

In closing, we extend a hearty invitation to the editors of the Tablet to visit us. We feel certain that if the author of this editorial could have even the slightest personal acquaintance with the Columbia life about which he has written so cleverly, he could then correct those slight misconceptions that mar his

estimate of us. We promise to treat him and his colleagues as well as we always do our country cousins. We will endeavor to teach them to array themselves so that they, too, may be able to "surpass in the elegance of their dress our rivals from the University of Penn." We will also give them a chance of "parading down Fifth Avenue," where they will probably attract more attention than we ever could hope for.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. H. A. Kellock, 1900, College, to the Board of Editors of the Morningside.

The Vengeance of Burney Leigh

BURNEY Leigh was much pleased when his classmate, Clarence Mason, arrived at the plain little Adirondack hotel where Leigh, with some half-dozen college friends, was spending a very jolly summer. He wasn't pleased because he liked Mason; on the contrary, his gratification at that young man's arrival arose from the certainty that while Clarence Mason stayed at the Windfall he was *not* spending any time with Beth Avery at Lake George. Miss Avery had met both men at their junior ball the winter before, and Leigh had promptly decided that no other girl he had ever seen was worthy for a moment to be compared with Beth Avery. It was particularly annoying, therefore, to find that Mason—Mason of all men in the world, that is, the college—was likely to distance him in the race for her regard.

It all began with photography. Mason had dabbled in it a little, and when he discovered that Miss Avery was an enthusiast on the subject he made the most of his slight experience. Poor Burney didn't know the difference between toning and fixing, and she wasn't interested in track athletics. With

all her prettiness and vivacity she was a bit of a puritan, too; and Leigh had a shrewd suspicion that the eminently virtuous and proper Mason was magnifying certain trifling clashes with the college authorities in which he, Burney, had been concerned, into serious misdemeanors, and his obviously careless, happy-go-lucky nature into a decidedly rapid tendency. Calling the man prig and hypocrite did not help matters, however, and Leigh went off for his vacation in as sulky a mood as he was capable of.

He couldn't keep it up very long, though, especially after he joined Marvin and the other fellows at the Windfall. By the time he had been fishing twice, shot a fine buck, and escaped a game constable only by reason of swifter feet and friendly darkness, he was as cheerful as if Miss Avery had never existed.

But Mason's arrival brought it all back again. That agreeable young person carefully opened all letters with the Roger's Rock post-mark when Burney Leigh was somewhere around. He also took occasion to remark that he was anxious to secure some very fine photographs, as Miss Avery had asked him to send her duplicates of all he took.

"The tallow-faced little skunk," muttered Burney Leigh, with a vicious tug at a snarled trolling line, "I'll swear he doesn't know enough to finish the cursed things himself. He'll get 'em done at a professional's and palm 'em off for his own work. *I* know him."

Burney was pretty nearly right in that surmise. Mason distrusted his own ability to manage anything beyond the taking of the pictures, but to that he devoted himself with admirable zeal.

One afternoon, near the close of his stay, Leigh came in from the river and went upstairs. He passed Mason's door, and as it stood wide open he could scarcely help looking into

the room. Its occupant had evidently returned from a tramp after "views," for his camera stood on the table just where he had set it down as he dropped into a big chair beside it. He must have been pretty well tired out, for he was sound asleep and snoring, slumped down in a limp and untidy heap, with his mouth open, his cap over one ear, a soiled handkerchief tied around his neck, and a big tear in the lapel of his coat. His usually smooth blond hair was wildly disarranged, and his face red and swollen with sunburn.

His rival eyed him with a disgusted grin for a moment, and then, "stung by the splendor of a sudden thought," tore off his shoes and darted noiselessly up to his own room, four steps at a time. In two minutes he was back again with both hands full. Silently he closed the door and proceeded to arrange his properties. On the table, at Mason's elbow, he put a brandy flask and a half filled tumbler. A box of cigars and a tobacco pouch came next. Then he scattered a pack of cards artistically about the table, and on the floor, apparently just fallen from Mason's nerveless fingers, he deposited a long-stemmed, festive-looking pipe. Then he caught up the camera and revolved slowly around his victim, locating him from time to time through the finder, and pressing the button and winding off the film as he had seen others do. Perhaps the slight click disturbed the sleeper, for he turned restlessly and muttered something, but by the time he opened his eyes the amateur photographer had gathered up his scenery and vanished. Fickle fortune was on Burney Leigh's side at last, for Mason sent the films to a photographer to be developed, with orders to forward to Miss Avery's address duplicates of all that came out well. He tried to explain the matter afterwards, but couldn't satisfy himself, let alone any one else; and, as Beth Avery said, "A photograph can't lie."

Grace H. Goodale

Fragment

The day is over, and dew
  Covers the grass,
Days go, and Heaven, Earth's lover,
  Weeps as they pass.
  When you are gone, alas!
Ah, who shall weep for you?

J. E. S.

The Race

I AM a bicycle rider by profession. I have ridden a wheel from the age of six. I have won prizes for years on all tracks, and I am now riding for the prize of my life. I have entered this six-day race for Nellie's sake, and when it is over, with the money I shall win, if I am fortunate, we shall settle down in a little cottage, and I will give up bicycle racing forever. Ah! there she is now, the brave little woman, smiling at me and wishing me success. Yet I know that in her heart she wishes that I were anywhere but on this track, for she tried hard to persuade me not to enter this race; but I showed her how happy we would be with the money I shall win, for I can surely get one of the prizes, and promised to stop if I grew tired—foolish girl, as if I could ride for six days without getting tired—but I will ride, and in the end, Nellie, you will be glad of it and proud of your John.

We have ridden for five hours now, and I am feeling splendidly. I am reaping the benefits of my hard, conscientious training, for the wheel is as light as a feather and goes as if

on air. My trainers tell me I stand a splendid chance for first, and the papers said this morning that I was one of the most promising of the contestants. I am not riding fast, for I know that the race will be won by the man who husbands his strength. There are eight ahead of me on the mileage boards; but let them wait and keep ahead if they can. They will find that they will need the strength they are wasting now, and need it badly; then will be my turn. Nellie has been here most of the time and her bright little face has been like a tonic, and I feel as if I could ride six weeks instead of six days, if necessary. My trainers want me to rest a minute or two, but I don't want to. I want to keep right on, for I am perfectly fresh, and I know that every turn of the pedal brings me nearer to Nellie and our little cottage.

Brainard and two others have dropped out. The two others were not much account, but Brainard was ahead of me and a good man, I thought. This leaves only seven ahead of me. I am getting a little tired. My legs ache slightly, and my back is tired. I am getting sleepy too; but I must not complain so early in the game. Think of Nellie and the cottage. She has been here all the afternoon and part of the evening, and when I look at her I gain fresh courage, and go ahead with new strength; but the hours are long when she is not here, weary, drowsy hours, with nobody to cheer us on, nobody to clap our sprints, nothing but the steady glare of the electric light, and the blurred yellow track whizzing past beneath us. But stick to it, old boy, stick to it, and think of Nellie and the cottage.

Why doesn't Nellie come? She has only been here six or seven hours since yesterday. If she only knew how I felt she would not stay away from me so long. If she knew how sore my legs are, how my head throbs, how my back aches, she would let me see her more. She sleeps all night, and I have

only slept one hour since the start. I have not seen her since twelve o'clock last night, and it is now nearly noon. Where is she? Why doesn't she come? Other people come and cheer me on. Why can't she? But I must keep right on or I shall not win the prize. I am gaining slowly, and have now only four ahead of me; but I am so sleepy, and the track goes under me so fast. I would not mind if the track would stop streaking under me. It keeps passing in one big blur, and I do not know how to stop it. Perhaps if I were to go to sleep it would stop it.

No, I cannot stop it. I went to sleep, but something struck me with a crash, knocked me across the track, and cut my head. On my wheel again and off. I must not leave my wheel. Hit it up! Hit it up! Hit it up! On! on! Will it never stop? And the track? Oh, how it blurs; how it rushes past! For God's sake, somebody stop that rush! I can't stand it. I shall die if that track is not stopped. It runs beneath me with no end, no beginning, nothing but endless yellow strings. Oh, the dullness of it! Oh, the monotony of it! And it is not clear; it is full of sticks and stones. People are throwing them on it, and I have to jump them. Why do they throw sticks in front of me? Don't they know I am tired? Don't they know I am sleepy? I have not slept for years, and they throw sticks at me. Here comes one now. It is too large, I cannot jump it. But I must jump it; I must go on—over it; but here are some more. Oh, when will they stop?

Why do they hate me? I have never done them any harm. They threw sticks at me, and now they are cursing me. There are millions of them and every one is crying out against me, and yet I have done nothing. Faster! Faster! I must be pedaling, I must ride over the track, or it will carry me backwards. Why will it not stop? It goes too fast. I cannot

keep up with it; and it always goes the same way. I am tired of having it go the same way. If only somebody would change it. Nellie, if you love me change it, make it go the other way. If it went the other way I would not be so sleepy. It would lighten my eyelids and help my poor legs. But no; it always goes from my front wheel under my back in one long chase. And every minute it grows harder to keep up with it. I shall be carried backward soon, I know I shall. I must pedal harder, I am not pushing hard enough; that must be the reason why the track runs so fast. Oh, if it would only turn I should be so happy.

Hurrah! It has turned; it is going backwards. I can see it run from my back wheel to my front, and then off ahead. I knew it would come some time, and now that it has come I am happy. Faster! Faster! I am on the wind. How pleasantly those yellow strings run off in front of me. How my wheel glides along, and backwards, too, backwards. No more will I have to pedal like mad to keep on the track. It will be easy going now. My troubles are over. What! eat? I do not want anything to eat, I do not need it, I am not hungry. No, nor sleep either. Stop pulling me off my wheel, I do not want to sleep. Can't you understand? The track has turned. It is going the other way and I am happy. You could not have seen that track blur, or you would understand that now it has changed, I do not need sleep, nor food, nor anything. I only want to be left alone, for pedaling backwards is easy, and I must not, and will not sleep. I will not.

Since the track has turned my legs are well, my back is all right, my head doesn't throb any more, and I am perfectly happy. Oh, how happy I am! Sometimes I cannot help laughing aloud. And when I laugh there is a bustle and a groan among my enemies on the benches. But I don't care

for them; they can do me no more harm; I am not afraid of them any more. I am able to see things more clearly now, and have noticed one queer thing: I find that all the other riders are going backwards too. I wonder if they wanted it as badly as I did. And the mileage board is also going backwards; in fact, everything seems to be going backwards, and I don't know quite what to make of it. My trainers tell me that it is three o'clock Saturday afternoon; and a few hours ago they told me it was seven o'clock. What does it mean? The last I remember before the track turned, it was Thursday morning, and now it seems to have jumped to Saturday, and to be going backwards.—Yes! I have it, that must be it, *I am living backwards.* What do you think of that, *living backwards?* I am riding backwards, moving backwards, eating backwards, and time is going backwards. I find from the mileage board I have more miles to go to get back to zero than any of the rest, and I must hurry or I will not be able to do it. But that will be easy, for, thank the Lord, the yellow strings run the other way.

Merciful Heavens! Suppose it does not meet. Suppose my forward life which left off Thursday morning and my backward life from Saturday afternoon do not meet at the right moment on Thursday. The last I remember, on Thursday morning at nine o'clock, I was being put on my wheel after a sleep. Suppose that when I reach Thursday morning again, I am not doing that, that I am doing something else. In that case I shall be doing two different things, one in my forward life and one in my backward. What will happen? Oh, I cannot think of it. What will become of me, if my two lives do not meet at the right moment? What will happen? There is no answer. So I must pedal for it, pedal my eyes blind, and my heart still. I must escape, and escape from what? I do not know. But it must meet. I must hasten, I

must fly, to make it meet. I must be on time on Thursday morning.

Who is this woman hanging on my neck? She calls herself *my* Nellie. What does she mean, why does not she let me on my wheel again? I have no Nellie, I have nothing but my wheel. I must be on that again, or I will be too late. What! stop racing. You are mad. Ha! Ha! You are mad, I can't stop, I shall not catch up on Thursday morning. I must pedal every minute, every second, you hear, every second, or I shall be late. And if I am late, what then?

It is no use. I can never catch up; it will never meet. I might as well give it up and take my chances. After all, what difference does it make? But no! I must not, I cannot; it is too late. I would rather die. I must escape it if I break my heart in doing it. If it kills me I must do it. There is no other way.

It is coming nearer and nearer. Every moment hurries along with my fate with it. What shall it be? God knows. Shall I catch up? Shall I be able to make it meet? If not —— It is coming, it is coming closer, closer. It is but two minutes after nine. Faster! Faster! On! On! My God, it is upon me, it is upon me. * * * * I have done it, I have done it. Do you hear, do you understand? It has met and I am free, free forever.

What are they yelling and shouting about? I have won, you say? Pshaw! I don't care for the race, for it has met, it has met, and I am free. Tell Nellie I am free.

J. R. K.

Clippings

To "Lewis Carroll"

In Wonderland at close of day
We love—with you as guide—to stray
All open-eyed and fancy free,
And children once again are we,
As with your elfish sprites we play.

It was a merry, happy way
You led us by. Yes, it was gay
And full of fun and jollity
In Wonderland.

Within its borders would we stay
Whene'er the sky is dark or gray,
From tasks and serious things to flee
And follow your strange fantasy
With you, our guide, to be alway
In Wonderland.

R. D. Dripps
In the Williams Literary Monthly

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The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Each school is under the charge of its own Faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science. For the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a university council has been established.

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In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (*a*) Private or Municipal Law, (*b*) Medicine, (*c*) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (*d*) History, Economics and Public Law, (*e*) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (*f*) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in the college, and also to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

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4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to the college diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its cour ɔs are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, without extra charge.

SETH LOW, LL.D., *President*